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Edward Everett Hale

1822—April 3—1892

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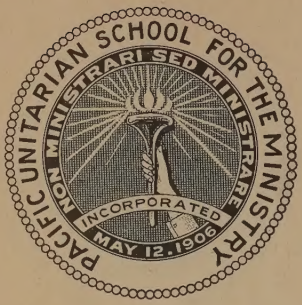


BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

THE GIFT OF

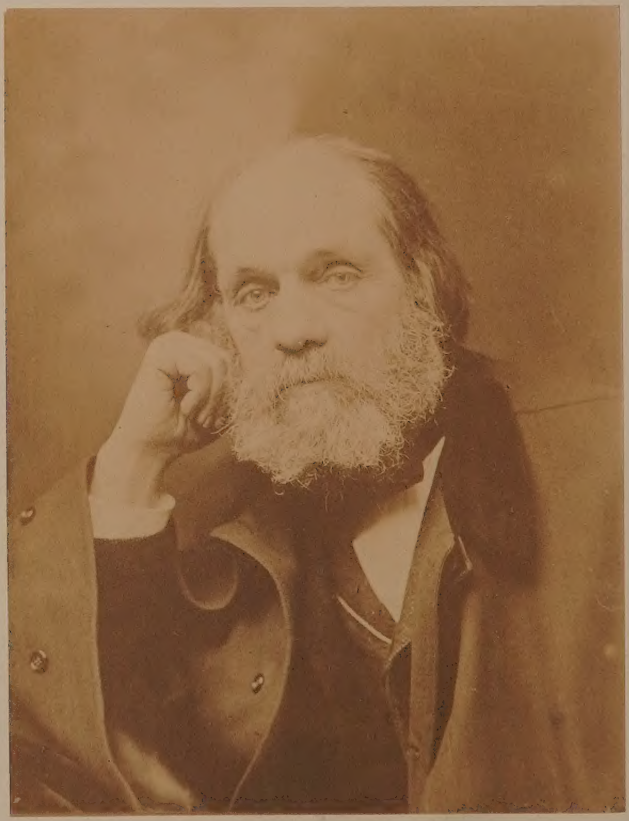
Earl M. Wilbur

Earl M. Wilbur

from Mrs. Sarah E. Hoy

Portland, Maine

June 8, 1893.



Always Yours
Edw. E. Hale

EXERCISES IN COMMEMORATION

OF THE

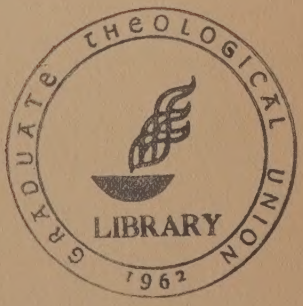
SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY

OF

REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D.D.

PASTOR OF THE SOUTH CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY
BOSTON

APRIL THIRD
EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND NINETY-TWO



BOSTON
GEO. H. ELLIS, PRINTER, 141 FRANKLIN ST.
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1822 — APRIL 3 — 1892

THE seventieth anniversary of the birthday of Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D., which occurred Sunday, April 3, 1892, was celebrated Monday evening, April 4, by his people, whose pastor he had been for thirty-five years, one half of his life.

During the early part of the evening Dr. Hale received the friends of his early days, the most intimate friends of later years, and the past and present members of his society.

At half-past eight o'clock Mr. George O. Carpenter, Chairman of the Standing Committee, made an address of welcome to pastor and guests; and then, in the name of the South Congregational Society, he presented Dr. Hale with a loving cup.

This was followed by a poem from Rev. Charles G. Ames.

Greetings from Dr. Furness, John G. Whittier, Phillips Brooks, George William Curtis, and others, were read by Mr. William Howell Reed.

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Then followed an address and a poem by Rev. Minot J. Savage.

Mrs. J. W. Andrews, on behalf of the South Friendly Society, presented Dr. Hale with a box made from the wood of his old pulpit, which contained cards of greeting from seventy of his classmates and dearest friends.

The concluding address was by Dr. Hale, followed by "Auld Lang Syne."

OPENING ADDRESS.

BY GEORGE O. CARPENTER.

My dear Friends,— As the representative of the South Congregational Society, I am most happy to welcome you. It is always unfortunate to usher in formalities when all seem to be busy and happy; but, in accordance with existing arrangements, I must kindly ask your attention, as well as that of Dr. Hale, for a few moments.

Dear Dr. Hale, and dear friend of all whom you see around and before you, I speak in behalf of all present and many who are absent from this truly delightful occasion, but would gladly, if able, increase the number. We rejoice in the seventy years of your life completed yesterday, so rich in usefulness to the world both in deeds and in the inspiration your words have given us. What can we say to you in return? Words fail to impart significance to our feelings. You have shown to this world what representative manhood is, fearless, active in all matters pertaining to the welfare of the

human race. Your unalloyed, unselfish devotion to the down-trodden and "all sorts and conditions of men" cannot better be described than in these words, familiar, but never more *real* than now: —

"Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'

"'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said, 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest;
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

And it is for us to be allowed to speak your praise. There are times in a man's life when he must give himself up to his friends. Then the opportunity is theirs.

Then his friends can say, as we do now, that, if there is one among the many whose life stands out so prominent as to bear the indorsement of the world as good, kind, generous, affectionate, self-sacrificing, "Ecce Homo"!

You see this evening a throng of loyal, earnest, loving friends, made so by your ever kind heart. Respect, esteem, friendship, and love are the embodiments of those who have longest known and enjoyed you in that freedom which can come only by length of time. We are drawn to you by a cord unseen, yet strong. You are a witness of a loyal, united society, whose members, in offering their homage to its head, ask you to receive this loving cup as a pledge of affection, and trust that in your keeping it may be a memento of days long to be remembered; and may you feel that each one of the goodly number of your friends, present or absent, joins in wishing for your continued health and happiness!

THE BIRTH-GIFTS.

BY REV. CHARLES G. AMES.

"One more boy-baby born," they said
In Eighteen-Twenty-Two;
"They're getting rather common now,
And what shall this one do?"

The Bringers of the Gifts were there,
Among the curtains hiding.
They held a council debonair,
The Demiurge presiding.

Those baby-loving sprites and fays
Deliberated long;
For Yankee children in those days
Were most uncommon strong,

And snatched the birth-gifts, right and left
Of genius and of force,
By handfuls, headfuls, heartfuls, too,
As 'twere a thing of course.

"One more boy-baby here," they said
Just seventy years ago;
"And what is left to set him up?
Our stock is getting low.

"There's Dana, Cranch, and Emerson;
There's Motley, Hoar, and Holmes;
There's Bennie Peirce and Asa Gray,
And Margaret with her gnomes;

"Three Roger boys, two Greenough lads,
With Hildreth, Ellis, Brooks;
Young Andrew, hiding in the brush,
And Hawthorne in his books.

"Longfellow's not so very long,
But he begins to dream;
That Quaker youngster hums a song
Beside his father's team.

"There's little Abbot with his Greek;
There's Peabody and May;
And King *must* be provided for,—
He'll soon be on the way.

"There's Parker, Phillips, Garrison,
From out their cradles leaping;
There's Bellows, Hedge, Bartol, and Clarke,
Just through their baby-creeping.

"For twenty years they've made demands
That kept us on our taps!
The lads in college and in school
Are tossing up their caps,

"And vowing that the century
Shall ring with sacred din;
They mean to beat the devil out,
And bring the kingdom in.

"These urchins, from their very birth,
Set out with purpose high;
And, not content to take the earth,
They'll mount and seize the sky.

"They've ta'en their pick and run away
With History, Poesy, Art,
Science, Philosophy, Romance,
And the Reformer's Part;

"Celestial colors, lights, and fires,
Each charm and wizard mask,
The scholar's function and the seer's,
Patriot's and statesman's task,

"And the divine's. They've all the gifts.
They carry magic rods!
The Puritanic blood is up,
And they will be as gods.

"For this new claimant what remains?
Our first-class goods are spent!"
The Baby oped his eyes — and smiled.
"Ah, well! he seems content."

"There must be common folks, you see."
"The Lord makes all." "Oh, yes!
And loves them all." "And so do we."
"*But what is this? and this?*

"*And what is this?*" The Demiurge
With wondering joy grew pale.
"*The best must always come direct:*
God works within the veil."

For through those shining eyes he saw
Within the little one,
Snug-stowed to wait their time and law,
Like seeds that wait the sun,

Celestial goods, of patterns new,
Marked "Edward Everett Hale,
Express from Cause-Land. By the road
Which is God's private rail."

Around their wise Master now clustered the fays,
And prayed him to tell them of near coming days.
"What manner of man shall this little one be?"
He answered: "I cannot exactly foresee.
I have known every mortal since mortals began,
But I never yet knew of a duplicate man.
They fall into classes resemblant, 'tis true;
But this creature strikes me as something quite new.

"If he takes to the sea, he'll an admiral be;
If he takes to the land, he'll do something grand;
If he takes to the stars, he will match all their courses;
If he takes to the circus, he'll ride forty horses!
Oh, certainly he'll live a life of his own!
There's not in this body one indolent bone.

"He will have, like old Argus, a hundred eyes;
He will have, like Briareüs, a hundred hands;
With seven-league boots he will stride o'er the lands,
And smite at the Dragons, regardless of size.

"And now it grows clear: He will take to Divinity
In the order of Christ,—a High Priest of Humanity.
Holding fast to the Father, with heart, soul, and mind,
He will offer his life for the good of mankind.
He will be in the spirit so urgently pressed
That labor, and labor alone, will be rest,
Intent, oh, intent, on his levellest best!

"With readiest speech and with facilest pen,
He will plead for all sorts and conditions of men;
The beggar on dunghill, the prince on his throne,
He will bid them be brothers, and count them his own;
Nor sinner nor sufferer unheeded will call
On the man who can bear with and share with them all.

"I foresee he will stay many years upon earth,
Till myriads and myriads rejoice at his birth.
At the end, through their tears, men of every station
Will say, 'Let us join in a grand coronation'!"

This lesson we read in his life and his face:
That the birth-gifts of God are a trust for the race.

DR. E. E. HALE.

BY REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

Our dear old genial poet,
In witty wise, has sung,
"Than *forty old* you'd better
Be *seventy years young*."
To make *you* old, the passing
Of years can ne'er avail;
Despite gray hairs and wrinkles,
You still are fresh and — Hale!

We note what you've accomplished,
And think, He must be old;
But, listening to you speaking,
We dream of locks of gold.
We wonder where you keep it,
This freshness bubbling up,
Forever overflowing
To fill each comer's cup!

Is it in your own mottoes
The secret of it lies?
For you, of course, have tried them,
And found that they are wise.

You're not the kind of preacher
  Who thinks he's done his share,
When talking's o'er,— the practice
  Being left to others' care!

"Look up, not down; and forward,—
  For there's the promised land;
Look out, not in; and ever
  Stand by and lend a hand!"
Yes, here is life's great secret,—
  Make yourself one with truth;
For truth, as God immortal,
  Shares his eternal youth!

You've told us of your "Double,"
  But that is all in vain.
The work, the books, the talking,
  It cannot half explain!
For years I've wondered at it,
  I only wish I knew!
Just tell us how you do it,—
  The work of *six*, not *two!*

Have you the mystic secret
  Of Omnipresence found?
Wherever help is needed,
  There Hale is always round!

To-day by the Pacific;
It *seems* one turn of sun,—
You're off for Nova Scotia,
Or else in Washington!

You yearly make more speeches
Than any other ten;
The Daily, Weekly, Monthly,
All know your restless pen.
We stroll into some bookstore
To have a quiet look;
But up the clerk comes smiling,
"Have you read Hale's last book?"

"The Man without a Country"
You've made us wonder o'er;
But you range *all* the countries,
And every sea and shore.
Perhaps up in the *planets*
You'll have your readers soon,—
At least I think they'd know you
Upon your own "Brick Moon."

Most people are contented
If *one* thing they do well,—
If they can write a poem
Or after dinner tell

A story not a "chestnut,"
Or hold the listening throng
The while they preach a sermon
That none shall think too long,—

Write one successful novel,
Or champion some cause,
Or make the people freer,
Repealing evil laws;
But Hale, the man insatiate,
His fellows must appall,
By choosing *all* vocations,
And beating them in all!

He makes it seem so easy
He cheats us other men
With just his simple reckoning
That "Ten Times One are Ten";
But, when we try to follow,
In some mistake we're caught.
No matter how we cipher,
Our ten times one is *naught!*

We plod along, and fancy
We're making *some* headway,
While *he* accounts as nothing
One new reform a day!

His Tolstoï Clubs, Chautauquas,
And interspersed between,
To keep from growing rusty,
He starts a magazine!

I close my eyes, and see them,
The creatures he has wrought,
Miss What-d'-ye-call-her's Escort,
True Boston woman's thought,—
Man to *his place* reducing;
But to tell all the tale
Of these ingenious fancies
Were like an auction sale!

But o'er all dreams fantastic
I see his soul arise,
As lifts some mountain summit,
The fellow of the skies!
For he has ever counted
Above all other fame
The lowliest deed of service
Accomplished "In His Name."

So, through these years of service,
This host of friends he's won,
As only they *can* do it
Who *are* more than *they've done*.

Thus, over all distinctions,
As kind skies earthward bend,
We feel the gracious presence
Of *man sublimed to friend!*

'Tis, then, *the man* we honor:
The *doing* may be fine;
We'll not object to *having;*
But *being* is divine!
So with one voice we greet you,
With love that will not fail:
To-night, our names forgetting,
We are, we cry, *All Hale!*

What wish now at the ending?
This wish I wish for you,—
I can wish nothing nobler,—
May your own wish come true!
Life long as you desire it;
And then, at set of sun,
The opening gate, and welcome,
The crowning words, "*Well done!*"

SOUTH FRIENDLY PRESENTATION.

BY MRS. J. W. ANDREWS.

Our Pastor and Friend,— Your beloved friend, Dr. Clarke, once said that the mind was a casket full of precious jewels, and conversation the key that unlocked it.

Madam Friendly sends you to-night a casket holding the precious words of classmates, of old and loving friends, threescore and ten. It is made from the old pulpit which you saw built, and in which, during a quarter of a century, you "gave the word" that cheered the weary and the lonely, that strengthened the weak and the tempted, and thrilled and inspired the hearts of scores upon scores of friends and strangers.

The key that unlocks this casket is the golden key of *love*. Its contents represent the four seasons of your life,— the spring, with its hopes and dreams; the summer, with the dreams and hopes fulfilling; the autumn, with its rich and glorious fruitage; and the uncompleted winter, full of sweet and tender memories of the past, and overflowing with life and vigor for the years that are to come.

When the fourth score shall be completed, then, prays Madam Friendly, may another be added which shall be the season of immortal youth, joy, and love! "In His Name" she utters this prayer, and "In His Name" places in your hands this loving gift, with a glad "God bless you!"

THE STORY OF THE BOX.

The story of this box takes us back to the church in Union Park Street, in which Dr. Hale preached his first sermon Jan. 8, 1862, and the last June 26, 1887. The removal from that part of the city being considered necessary, it was then made. The church was sold to the Jewish society, and is now the Synagogue Ohabei Sholom. But we have never been made to feel like strangers and aliens in the old church home, so cordial have been the courtesies extended to us. Some time after the removal, it was proposed that the "Hymn of Praise" should be produced for the benefit of an institution in which the South Congregational Society was largely interested. The "Hymn" had been twice given in the old church; and the memory of those days gave us the courage to ask if it were possible, under any conditions, to have the use of the synagogue and organ. It

was a bold request; but it was met by the rabbi and officers with a response most prompt, cordial, and generous. Not only did they allow us possession, but they declined to receive any remuneration for their trouble and expense. We freely asked, and it was freely given. The concert was unwittingly appointed on the day of their annual business meeting, and that was postponed lest the talking in the vestry below should disturb the audience above. It was a Sunday afternoon of rare enjoyment as we sat in the old pews, listening to the familiar tones of the organ which responded again to the touch of one whose service at that end of the church had been as long as the pastor's in the pulpit.

When it was known that the seventieth anniversary of Dr. Hale's birth was to be celebrated by his people, and congratulations from friends of the present and far back in the past were being received, the question of a fitting receptacle for such treasures arose, and the old church answered the question: a box made from its pulpit would guard them well.

The assistance of the rabbi and one of the officers of the synagogue was again sought. As soon as the latter learned the purpose for which the wood was desired, he replied with an enthusiasm that was delightful: "If

there is a bit of that old pulpit left, you shall have it. I will see to it myself. And, if there is none of the pulpit to be found, you shall have a piece of the *organ*." Very soon his little boy brought the two panels bearing the inscription "The Lord gave the Word," and the long carved fruit-piece, so familiar to us all. These had fallen into the hands of an honest old German, whose good wife had ornamented the fruit-piece with ribbons, and hung it upon the wall of her room. When they were asked to part with it for Dr. Hale and this celebration, the good man told his wife they had better take it down, and let them have it. And so they did. This box is the result of all this disinterested kindness. It is a fitting receptacle for the strong, manly, and loyal words, for words tender, true, and loving, from the threescore and ten men and women who were playmates with our pastor in his boyhood, knew him in his early youth, were his classmates in school and in college, and from other friends of later years. These messages have come from all over the continent and across the seas. They are too sacred for the public eye and ear; but in the quiet of his home they will fill his heart with gladness. The moral of this little story is that our pastor's name is an open sesame to all sorts and kinds of hearts;

that he appeals not only to his own people, but to people of different faiths. And, as we welcome here to-night the representatives of the synagogue and members of other denominations as among our pastor's personal friends who have come to do him honor, we feel that we are together taking a long step toward the universal brotherhood of which he dreams.

ADDRESS OF REV. DR. HALE.

My dear Friends, — There is no word that can express one's sense of the love that embodies itself in this meeting, in all these works, in these flowers, in the kind shake of the hand from so many persons, of the tenderness which has brought you together. I cannot help feeling that the occasion has made its own address. What do we want to say when we stand in the pulpit? What do we want to say when we shake hands with a friend alone? What do we want to say but that love is the whole, love is the whole? There is nothing else but love. There is nothing else to live for, and it is easy to die for. And certainly, since I came into this church to-night, that feeling of the boundless power of the divine Love which is human love, of the human love which is divine Love, has been sweeping over me.

It was not until I sat with my sister here, looking down upon this circle, that I caught sight of what it all meant. I was living so intensely in the present that it made it impossible for me to think I was seventy years old, or that any one was. It seemed as if we were all new-born.

As I looked out upon these faces, I could not help going back thirty-five and a half years ago to the first welcome given me when I was made minister of this church. The old church then stood where is now the Columbian Theatre. I remember, as the people all filed up and I was presented to them, that I bit my lips, bent my eyes, and looked them in the faces, and said to myself: "Shall I ever remember Mrs. Southard? Do you think there is the slightest chance of my knowing Mrs. Jones?" And I tried to commit all the names to memory, there being about as many persons present as there are here; and of them all there were but two whom I had ever seen before. One was Judge Sanger, whom I had known in college, and one was my dear old friend Roberts. The others took me on trust, knowing nothing about me but that I tried to tell the truth.

There is a very pretty story about those days. I am going to tell it for the benefit of the young ministers who are here. I was the successor of Dr. Huntington, whom many of you remember well enough to love and a man whom we all honor. Dr. Huntington had one theological statement, and I had another. Dr. Huntington said this about certain things, and I said that. When Judge Sanger came to me with this call, I said to

him: "My dear fellow, I have just written a reply to Dr. Huntington's last article, and it will be printed next week. Now where would I be, and what would you do, if it were known that the man they had asked to be their minister had written a reply to an article by Dr. Huntington?" And Judge Sanger replied, "Hale, none of them know that he has written the article, and none of them will know that you have written the reply." That is my warning to young men who think that the world is moved by intellect, by conviction. Judge Sanger then went on, and said, "I suppose you and Dr. Huntington differ in your theology?" Said I, "Oh, yes, by the whole world." "Well, I suppose so. I have heard it said so before," he went on; "but, then, the people do not care anything about that. The people of the South Congregational Society believe that Huntington said the best thing he knew, and they believe that you will say the best thing you know." That is God's whole truth about the minister. Nobody but a fool expects to agree entirely with the utterances of the pulpit that he hears week after week and month after month and year after year. No one but a fool ever wants to agree with the utterances of the pulpit. But what people do want is to have a man say what he

thinks, and say it as well as he can. There is no one in this place, there is no one in the world, who knows how badly I have said things, even when as well as I could. There is no person acquainted with so many of my sermons as I am, who knows the seamy side of the carpet as well as I know it. I am not going to betray it. I am not going to "give myself away" at this period of my life. But I have a right to say that I have stood here and have said the truth, God's own truth, as well as I could find it out; and those people who have loved me best and trusted me most entirely have believed that it was the spirit of God speaking to me. And this is my word to you who listen. Believe that your minister is telling you the best that he knows, and try to enter into the poor fellow's feelings, and see if you cannot get your inspiration where he has gained his.

They say I never can preach a sermon without telling a story, and I am afraid it is true. I think I never gave any pain to one of the dearest friends I ever had in the world until I said to him one day — I tell this for the benefit of the young ministers over there, Philip Moxom and the rest — that ministers failed because they did not make their sermons entertaining. He shrugged his shoulders. He almost struck me. "Make your ser-

mons entertaining! They should never be entertaining." But I have always tried to make my sermons entertaining. I knew they were not eloquent. I knew they were not learned. I knew they were not philosophical. But I never liked to think that people could go to sleep when I was preaching to them. Speaking very seriously, I had authority for introducing stories into sermons, and I have always done so. I am going, therefore, now in the midst of this discourse — which seems to have a great many heads — to tell a story about my association with the South End of Boston. When you shall read my famous papers on "A Boyish Childhood," which shall be written after I have got some of the other things out of the way to which Mr. Savage alluded, you will understand that the Boston of my boyhood was not the Boston of my manhood.

I was born in Boston: I should like to have you know where it was, where this little baby boy was born, with the fairies and angels about him that we have been hearing about. I have been in the room since. It was inhabited by a man who mended crockery. His name was Clements, an excellent good fellow. He mended crockery for a good many of you. Then Mr. Parker afterward built his marble hotel where I was born.

That is the reason people like to go there so much! It was from the corner of that house that I looked across to see the corner-stone laid to the Tremont House, and was told what a corner-stone was. And, before that, I had seen Lafayette go by on the 17th of June, 1825, in procession. And, if any one cares to know it, the first visible thing that I remember that I ever saw in my life was the green feathers of the Rifle Rangers. I remember telling that to our dear old Mr. Smith who was with them that day. That was the Boston of that day. All that we knew of this Boston where we are now was to skate over it in winter and to catch smelts on this very place where I am speaking. And I see before me men who have eaten smelts that they caught fishing here.

At last it happened that my father came along; and my father, in the face of infinite opposition from the better part of Boston, insisted that Tremont Street should be raised above the level of the marsh, and Tremont Street was raised between Dover Street and Roxbury. The South End was called into being when that determination of Nathan Hale was carried out and Tremont Street was raised. He drove it through in the face of infinite difficulty. But the South End was not worth the raising, because there was not a drop of water

that any one could drink which was not as salt as the sea. It was not until that same Nathan Hale, at the head of the Commission of the Water Works, fought through a method by which Boston receives every drop of the water which she drinks to-day, that the South End came into existence. Then came the most valuable enlargement of Boston that has ever been made. Then came the men and women of whom the world is not worthy and never was worthy. They have made a world's capital of that which was before a provincial town. I was the baby about whom Mr. Ames has talked so well. I had to begin life by preaching at Worcester, at the other end of my father's road; and then I had to come to the South End, and be one of the dozen or fifteen ministers who were working to lift up that new suburb of Boston. I supposed, when Mr. Ames was speaking about fairies and prophecies, that there was something coming that would show that the whole work of my manhood was to be done in a region which would not have come into existence if my father had not been born. That is the way the good God governs this world.

Here is another story. It is a story which I do not dislike to tell. They laugh at me about the mottoes a good deal. They laugh at my lending a hand,— it may

be at Tuskegee, with Mr. Barrows; it may be out in the mountains, with Mr. Tiffany; it may be wherever my interest is,— but I call to witness those who remain of the Old South Congregational Church that, when I came here first, I was as bigoted in the work of the South Congregational Church as any old fogy could ask me to be. I did not know any one to speak with that did not go to that church! And I would not do a thing that I did not do through the South Congregational Friendly Society. That lasted until the Civil War. Then I came down from Portland one day, and found three hundred and sixty women in my basement, making flannels for the Union army. They had got to work before I had. They showed me the way; and we said to each other, There is not any South Congregational Church unless there is a United States of America, and we do not want a South Congregational Church the one-hundredth part of a second longer than the United States of America lasts. Then and there we, every blessed man, woman, and child, threw away our old petty bigotries and the You take care of me, and I will take care of you, and We will not go outside of our shell; and we learned the majestic lesson that it pleased God Almighty to teach us, that we would live for all mankind if we could.

I remember in the midst of that struggle a noble man, who was a nobleman. Some of you will remember the beautiful tones of his voice as he sang in our choir. He had been born in a noble family in Germany; but, because he believed in the rights of man, he had chosen to live in a land of freedom rather than to live in a little court in Germany, even if he had to earn his living by singing tenor in the South Congregational Church or selling prints behind a counter. That nobleman said to me: "Mr. Hale, I am ashamed of you Americans. You do not know what you are fighting for. You think you are fighting for four million slaves. You are really fighting for this whole world; for, if your cause fails, human freedom fails, God knows for how long."

I think we learned that lesson, all of us, before those four years were through. I think the South Congregational Church was newly born. I know I was. I know I never got back into that shell again, and I do not think this congregation ever got back into its shell again. And, when they say, Why, here is Mr. Hale interesting himself in a girl from Ceylon, or Mr. Hale had a letter from Tientsin, or he has sent out a box to Micronesia, it is not Mr. Hale who does it: it is the South Congregational Church that does it, and I am very

proud of it. It is the South Congregational Church going on a bender. You all know what it means when I go on a bender! How we did work on that sermon yesterday. We were at work on it from Monday afternoon till Saturday night; and then we began to weigh the paper and count the pages, and it turned out that the congregation would not get any dinner that day if it were so long, and so we spent the rest of the time in scoring it out with a red pencil. And that is why some of you probably noticed that the connection was not perfectly good; but who cares for the connection? The business of the sermon was to say that love was the whole. I said it originally in Greek, but I struck that out. That is what I want to say in all preaching.

I will stop with a word of thanks for every one who has helped to make this such a young and such a happy day. I have tried again and again to speak of the eternal principles on which perpetual youth depends, on which it is founded. We have them in the mottoes on the wall here, which are the translations of these principles into nineteenth-century language, faith and hope and love. Those words are the great eternities, the only realities. They will abide and continue forever. Everything else dies, but faith and hope and love live forever.

Somebody has asked me the secret of keeping young at seventy, of being able to go off on a lark with just as much pleasure as when you were sixteen; and I said it might be stated as follows: —

First, never do anything yourself that you can get your staff to do for you. If you can make the South Congregational Church do the work, make 'em; if you can make the Friendly Society do the work, make 'em; if you can make the Standing Committee do the work, make 'em; if you can make the Board of Charities do the work, make 'em!

Second, never bother yourself as to who gets the credit for what is done: that makes no difference. The words "He made himself of no reputation" are the greatest words which were ever spoken. He made himself of no reputation: he took upon himself the form of a servant!

Third, get all your work done before three o'clock in the afternoon, and after that time be ready to see anybody you like, to go and hear a symphony concert, to lie on your back and let your wife read a novel to you, to go to a reception of the South Congregational Church and meet the people and shake hands with them, and let them tell you how much they love you! Do not do any work after three o'clock; and then will follow, as the

night follows the day, and as the light follows the night, that you will sleep ten hours out of every twenty-four,— and this is another of the necessities. I told them the other night that I went all through the West lecturing on "Sleep," with illustrations by the audience. I do not wish to try that again, so the audience will now have an intermission.

The Loving Cup presented by the South Congregational Society is a heavy silver cup, with three handles, without ornamentation save the inscriptions between the handles.

The principal inscription is as follows: —

Rev. Edward E. Hale, D.D.
Presented by
The South Congregational Society
on the seventieth anniversary of his birth,
April 3, 1892.

The second inscription represents the Maltese cross, with "In His Name" engraved beneath.

The seal of the South Congregational Church is the third inscription.

The Box presented by the South Friendly Society is made from the wood of the pulpit of the Union Park Street Church. On the front are the carved words "The Word," once a part of the inscription, "The Lord gave the Word," on the old pulpit.

The lock plate and key are of gold, each in the form of a cross. On the four arms of the lock plate are the following: "1822," "April 3," "1892," "E. E. H."

On one side of the key are the letters "I. H. N." On the other side "In His Name."

Inside the cover is a gold plate bearing this inscription:—

Made from the pulpit of the
Union Park St. Church,
in which
Dr. Edward E. Hale
preached
from January 8, 1862, until June 26, 1887.
Given to him by the
South Friendly Society
on the
seventieth anniversary of his birth,
April 3, 1892.

The box has three compartments. The two end ones contain seventy cards. In the centre one is a white velvet tray, holding seventy dollars in gold.

The cards were written by Dr. Hale's playmates, college mates, associates in the ministry, and the near and dear friends of later years. They are arranged in scores to represent the different seasons of his life. The covers for each score and the half-score are ornamented with appropriate landscapes and flowers in water colors, which were the gift of a friend.

— · · · —

LOOK UP AND NOT DOWN;
LOOK FORWARD AND NOT BACK:
LOOK OUT AND NOT IN;
LEND A HAND.

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